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With 217 membership mailing pieces in tow, I lumbered onto the 3:15 bus and arrived in Scranton in good shape. WSP picked me up and we rode home on Route 81 and the day lillies were out everywhere. HLRP made macaroni salad and that made it seem like midsummer. I drove into town at 7:15 P.M. and parked on 6th avenue by the park and Bob Tomaine saw me park the car. He was in McDonnell's and came out and asked if I wanted to join him. I did. He had the enlarged copy of the "Instructions for the Repair of a Tower Clock" which he made, a photographic copy. Tomaine asked me if I was interested in having some old Edward ville church records and I said yes of course. The person who has them or knows where they are is named Jack. A woman by the name of Eileen lives with Tomaine's girl friend. Eileen knows Jack's telephone number. At 7:30 P.M. Tomaine and I went over to City Hall and Pascoe/Dearie/Loftus/Colville arrived. Tom Brennan materialized out of somewhere. We decided to meet in Memorial Park. I showed my fellow committee members the new membership form and no one seemed to pay much attention to it. I somehow expected that Nan Loftus would look at it with some interest, because she has been pushing to have a membership mailing piece put together. No matter. We went over the final plans for the Baum testimonial on the 15th. Brownell/Brennan/Brennan/Burrell/Lewis and others on the Committee have all come up with excuses why they can not attend the testimonial. "My cousin's girl friend is having a barbecue the following day and I have to go to that. . ." and so on. I am perpetually astounded by the excuses that people come up with to avoid becoming involved in the human experience. The great majority of people seem to continually take the path of least resistance, and so they are like animals and plants and birds. Human beings are capable of much greater things. As I stated to my colleagues in the Park: "The dinner will take place on the 15th, with or without those people whose cousins are having barbecues on the following day. The dinner will take place and it will be a grand success, and that's all there is to it." Mary Louise Dearie: "This is the first time I've been in the Park in years." We had a very pleasant meeting/social gathering in the Park. At the conclusion of the meeting, Tomaine and I went down to Mister Donut and drank coffee and had a pleasant chat. Thornton of Marber was at the counter and he came over and asked if I had received the bid. No, said I. Marber handed their bid to Jimmy Spall. I didn't stay out late and was in bed rather early. On my way out of town I hand delivered three Press Releases: one to the News, one to the Times, one to the Tribune. They were on the Testimonial. The Times and the News ultimately printed the Release; the Tribune did not, as far as I have been able to determine. On the 9th, HLRP woke me at 8:30 and I went to town with her and mailed the 217 pieces at the Post Office. I obtained the mailing permit and paid for the yearly rental and did the mailing and the whole thing cost \$100.40: \$40, \$40, \$20.40. Postmaster Barret helped fill out the forms. The Permit Number is 53 for the Committee. I had a very pleasant chat with Paul Mullally at the stamp window. "So how's it going," asked Paul. I went to THE NEWS and told Heth that I had not received the paper for three weeks. When I entered the NEWS office I asked in a very friendly tone: "Who's the complaint department" and Phil pointed to Rosemary and Rosemary pointed to Phil. It was all rather cute. I bought a copy of the 5/26/82 NEWS-- which was David's last issue. I then went down to Goodwill and Mrs. Emmons was there, no she was not there, Mrs. Buberniak was there and she handed me some things that Mrs. Emmons had given her to give to me. Train information/photographs/&c. that she had found in her house. Did we want to use it for the lectures during Pioneer Days? Yes, thank you, said I. Mrs. Emmons is warming us to me. She now feels more comfortable around me than she once did, and that makes me feel very good. As Connie and I were looking at the railroad treasures, Mrs. Emmons came in and we had a nice chat. Connie reported that JVB had seen me from the bus window and he noted that I didn't wave--as I was going up Canaan Street on the Short Line bus a few weeks ago--and she said that John thinks that I no longer like him because I didn't wave and so on. I asked her to please assure JVB that

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I was still his friend and that I wasn't mad at him for not attending the last meeting-- I believe Connie said that JVB had to work for his father and could not attend. JVB's father appears to be jealous of his son's historical preservation activities and friends. I met HLRP at 11:30 at Main and Salem and we went home and had our Carawahanna hot dog luncheon. After lunch, I armed myself with weed killer and pruning hook and went to Maplewood and cut and sprayed like a madman for several hours. I must have cut down several hundred one-inch in diameter trees and bushes that have grown up around the sides of tombstones and such places. I discovered that someone placed a potted plant on the grave of Alice Rashleigh. I also noted that the Samuel Jones and Eleanor Pritchard obelisk is very close to the Alice Rashleigh stone. Samuel Jones and Eleanor Pritchard are the parents of Samuel Sheldon Jones. I stopped and had a chat with Suchnick or rather he talked and I listened. I went to the Homestead and rested for a few minutes and then drove to Elkdale to examine the freshly repaired Christiana Bruce tombstone-- it looks grand. I feel wonderful having had that stone repaired. Donald and I will next have some tombstone work done in Clinton Cemetery. From Elkdale I went to see Peg--I picked some Sweet William and Day Lillies and drove to Jermyn and found Peg sitting on her front porch in her bathrobe. She had just finished bathing. We had tea and a very pleasant visit. I reported on Christiana Bruce and she was not terribly interested. From something that she said I deduced that she wants to be creamated and not buried, as does Russe~~4~~l. We watched Rukeyser together and that was pleasant. She said that she was going to the cabin on the following day and asked if I wanted to go along. She said that she was going to stay overnight. I said that I would let her know in the morning whether I was interested in going up to Hiawatha Lake for Saturday and Saturday night. Peg was filled with news about her recent week-long Bonaire trip: we looked at maps and she told travel stories. She returned with a case of Amstel beer and two 10-pound wheels of Edam cheese, both of which were served to me by Peg. At the Homestead, I readied a NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA mailing: the orders that I have received in the past several weeks. I had quite a lot of wrapping and preparing to do. On Saturday morning I took the pile of letters and packages to the window and Al was there and they all went book rate. I went home and called Peg and told her that I would go to Apokeepsink with her. Peg picked me up at about noon and off we went. I took PN with me (the copy that belongs to HLRP and WSP) and I was very pleased that HLRP was so protective about the book. "You're not going to get that dirty, are you?" asked HLRP. I assured her that I would take good care of it. At Preston Park or perhaps Herrick Center we stopped and bought \$14 worth of groceries: Polish sausage, bacon, hamburger, cherries, spaghetti sauce, potato chips, &c. We had enough food for ten people for four days and there was just the two of us for overnight. Jane and John Furhman were at Pioneer Lodge. The former is apparently a pest and will not leave Peg alone when Peg is at the cabin. Jane came up and we were introduced and Peg did not make it clear that she and I are cousins and Jane's imagination ran wild. Peg and I enjoyed the deception. We had spaghetti and meatballs for dinner and naturally we ate too much. I worked on my papers and the speech for the Baum testimonial and at about midnight I went for a boat ride on the lake. It was wonderful. The stars were out beautifully and I rowed full steam ahead into the darkness and out into the middle of lake and then I allowed the canoe to drift where it wanted; it is not a canoe but a row boat. I slept well and awoke at 9 AM to the sound of birds. I was lovely. I slept on the rollaway in the cabin and Peg on the porch, where she regularly sleeps. We had a bacon and eggs and rolls and coffee breakfast. As on the previous afternoon, I felw my kite from the boat, much to the pleasure of myself, Peg and the Furhmans and everyone on the lake. The winds were not strong enough to really get the flag in the air and that was too bad, there was such an audience assembled. On Sunday AM the cross stick in the kite broke and we tried to repair it and it was not well repaired and the kite did not get up well. We cooked the smoked sausage over the fire outside and Peg prepared, in onions and butter, some of those potato filled pastries that are made by the Poles or Ukrainians. Very good. At about 3 P.M. we left the lake and headed for home. On the way we stopped and I picked some day lillies